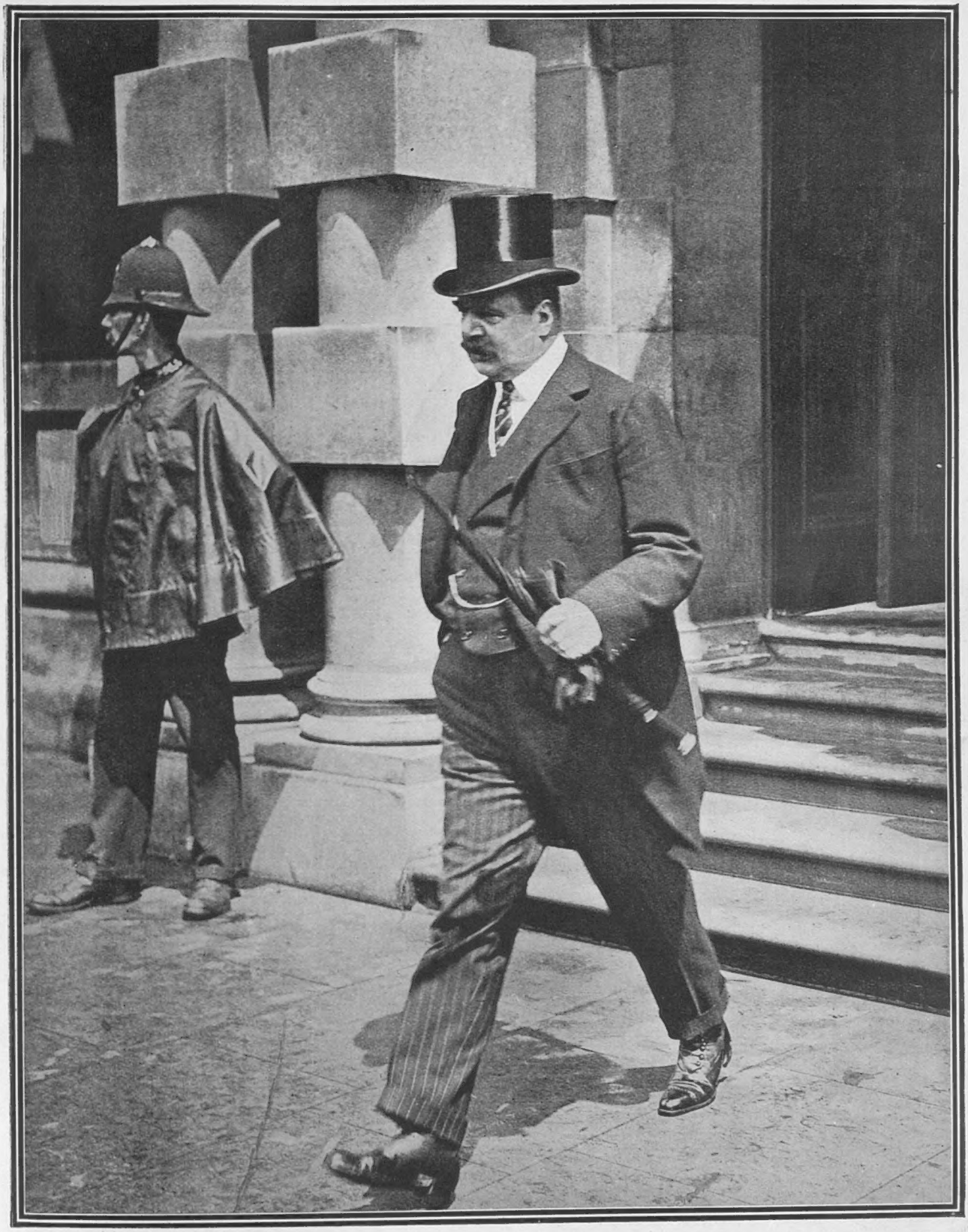
The Bystander, August 2, 1916.—No. 661. Vol. LI

The BYSTANDER



"THIS IS A YOUNG MAN'S WAR"

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BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

BY THE EDITOR

Looking Back a Year

THIS week sees the war's second birthday. Many happy . . . ahem.

Last year, on reviewing the situation, the line of special optimism adopted was to lay stress on the fact that the Hun had expended several millions of his kind without attaining any of the objects for which he went to war. Strictly between ourselves, at this time last year we optimists were whistling to keep our spirits up, for the Huns were badly on the move in Poland, and were badly not on the move out of France. We had to display our special "haven't got Paris and London yet" and "mistress of the seas" styles.

⁂ ⁂

The Hun Going Backward Now

THIS August there is no need for any such specious devices. The optimist can just be an optimist. The movement is no longer onward for the Hun, but backward all the time. It is better not to say more at the moment. After all, it's what is being done on the Somme that is the thing, not what is being said on the Thames.

⁂ ⁂

Why Not a War Regatta?

THE sight of London last week—a queue of about half a mile in length along the Embankment waiting to be able to pay to see the U C 5 must have been an eye-opener to the authorities as to the public readiness to interest itself in the war if only allowed to do so with its own eyes and its own purse. The summer has still two months to run. Why not an open-air exhibition of war trophies, in some place accessible by water, where other of our captured vessels, naval and aerial, if not in use, could be shown, to say nothing of guns, flags, etc.? The Tower of London suggests itself as a suitable place, with frontage on the "pool of London" and the needed historic atmosphere. A sort of War Regatta, in fact. An inaugural visit by Their Majesties in the State barge might be respectfully proposed, with the proviso that His Majesty be accompanied by his Ministers, for whom the Tower would, in the opinion of many, be an ideal environment.

⁂ ⁂

The Man to Run It

As the new Civil Lord of the Admiralty is the Earl of Lytton, an expert in exhibitions, perhaps this proposal of a "Great Amphibian" Exhibition will meet with some special attention.

The Kitchener Plan—

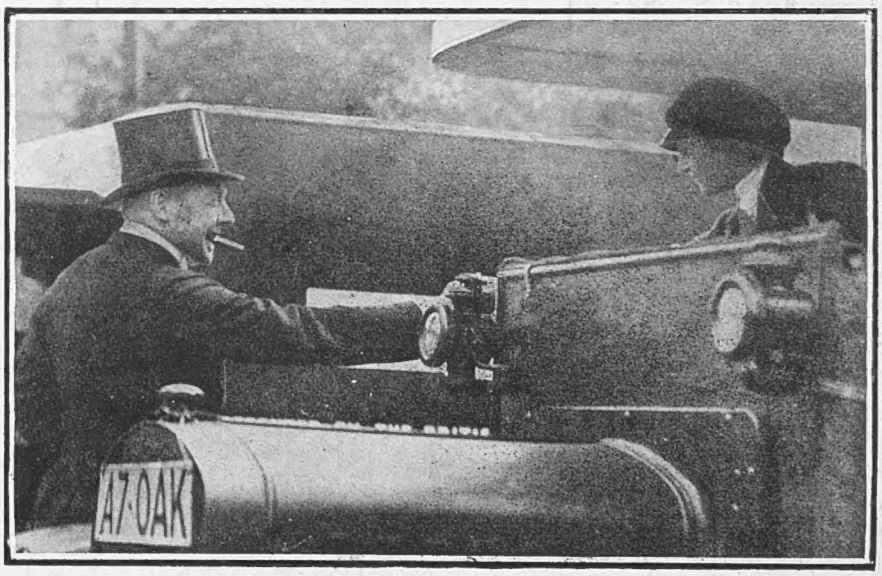
LORD KITCHENER'S scheme for the punishment of the Hun—*i.e.*, banishment for twenty-one years, has its excellent points, but is likely to be a little complicated in the working out. For instance, who precisely is to be certified as a Hun? Is it to be the Prussian only, or does it comprise all subjects of the Kaiser? Does it, furthermore, include also Austrians, Hungarians, Turks, Bulgars, and the rest of the enemy combine? If so, it means we close our gates against possible customers to the tune of one hundred and fifty millions, and in consequence exclude ourselves from access to half the European, and a good part of the Asiatic, continent. For the Huns would retaliate right enough. If we do not include Austrians, etc., why not? The Habsburgs, after all, in actual historical fact, began the war; why should they be favoured over the other Huns? If we allow Austro-Germans to frequent our hospitable shores, will not it be the usual thing for all Teutons to call themselves Austrians and resume business as usual?

⁂ ⁂

—And Its Disadvantages

THE "K." scheme would have other disadvantages. It would perpetuate an atmosphere of suspicion against all foreigners, which would make this country a by-word all over the world. So bad are we in distinguishing foreign types and accents that our present Allies, and neutrals of all sorts, would be made intensely uncomfortable, and in an eternal state of having to produce their papers and otherwise prove themselves not to be Huns. That would lead, as sure as sunrise, to complications with our friends, and we should become the most unpopular nation on earth.

(*Continued on page 184*)



A PORTENT OF WHAT?

The first snapshot of Lord Lonsdale, with his familiar cigar, in an attitude of gallantry, that we have published since the war. We hope his Lordship's re-emergence into public life is a portent of happy days to come in the near future. The "snap" was taken on the occasion of the presentation to the Army of motor ambulances at Carlton House Terrace on behalf of the British Sportsmen's Ambulance Fund, and the lady is one of the Anzac drivers

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued from page 183)

I imagine Lord Kitchener must have thought of this scheme in one of his moments of *ennui*, and that he never supposed for one moment it would suffer the horrible fate of falling posthumously into the hands of the *Morning Post*.

⁂ ⁂

A Good Bairnsfather Needs No Puff

THIS week's Bairnsfather tribute comes from "Ensign," in the *Outlook*:

"You have possibly — nay, probably — seen Captain Bruce Bairnsfather's two inimitable pictures depicting the hour before going into trenches and the hour after coming out. Well, they are absolutely 'It.' Lord, how we have laughed over them in the front line; and, mind you, I am not puffing Bairnsfather; he does not need it. I have never seen him, and I do not even know whether he has got a moustache or not (he hasn't.—ED.), but take it from me, he is one of the people who by supplying roars of laughter and joy to the troops are helping to win the war."

⁂ ⁂

Some Awkward Questions

"THE British Army went to France according to what may be called the Haldane plan," writes Mr. Churchill, in the last of his Sunday articles. "Everything in that Minister's eight year tenure of the War Office had led up to this, and had been sacrificed for this." The acknowledgment will make Mr. Churchill even more unpopular with a section of the Press to whom the name of Haldane is one compared with which Satan is saintly. As he is taking up cudgels for his Unspeakable Lordship, perhaps Mr. Churchill will answer the Duke of Buccleuch's question of why Lord Haldane did not prepare the country for the war which he reported to be imminent on his return from Berlin. Why did he sit quietly still while his Chief and colleagues allowed themselves to sink up to their necks in the Irish and Suffrage bogs? Was it part of the Haldane-Churchill strategy to conceal the British war preparations—such as they were—behind a mask of domestic muddle? I have heard it said that the Lamlash concentration was a part of the war mobilisation. Was it, Winston?

A DEAD SNIP

HERR WOLFF (gloomily): "I haf announced der destruction of der endire Bridish Fleet, der taking of Paris and London, der grushing of der "gontemptible liddle army," und the utter smash up of Russia—und yet der beoples don't seem happy!"

WILHELM (furiously): "Der schweinehunds! Dell them I refuse to lead them further to victory!"

HERR WOLFF (brightening): "Goodt, Majestat. I dinks zat do der trick!"

⁂ ⁂

To-morrow's New Party

A WELL-KNOWN Peer, for whose judgment I have a lot of respect, gives me as his opinion that there are four issues of domestic politics on which men have got to make up their minds, and that all the rest can go and be hanged. They are: Ireland, Woman Suffrage, National Service, and Tariff Reform. He also says that those who agree on all four policies will form the new Party of to-morrow. Just as, in fact, it was before the war! A nice thought, that, for the Superior Persons who have been telling us that the war would work the great change in our politics. Many people, furthermore, who can come to the most beautiful of agreements at once about the three last-named may be found fighting like Tom Cats about Ireland at any time and in any place.

⁂ ⁂

Retaliation

I AM afraid all we can do to avenge the murder of Captain Fryatt is to denounce the crime—unless we decide to hang the next submarine skipper we catch who sinks a merchant ship, with or without warning, *and* the next Zeppelin captain who has bombed open towns.

⁂ ⁂

More Muddle-headed Mystery

AT the moment of writing, the news comes of a midnight raid somewhere on the East Coast. Is it not time we dropped this idiotic mystery? The Huns know perfectly well the names of the towns they are over, even if they do not know exactly what damage they inflict. Concealment only causes annoyance and intense anxiety to all who have friends or interests anywhere between the mouths of the Tweed and the Thames.

⁂ ⁂

German Polish

BETHMANN-HOLLWEG'S latest peace offer threatens, as the "trump card," the Independence of Poland. It would not be our Bethmann, however, if he did not let the cat out of the bag. The reason why we are to tremble at the threat of an "independent" Poland is that it will add four or five million Poles to the Austro-German armies! I hope the Poles appreciate the word "independence" as translated into German.

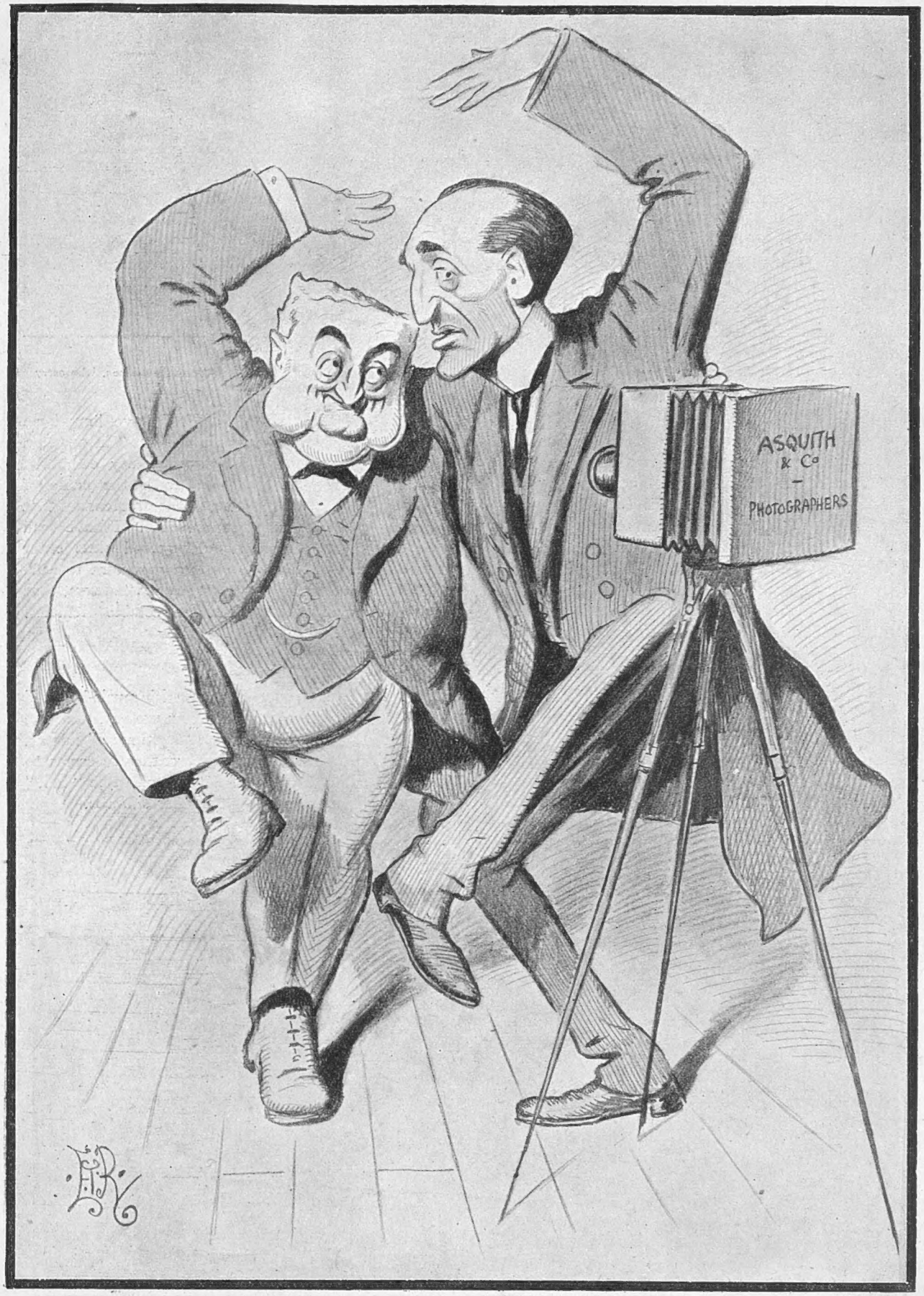
⁂ ⁂

"Nine Lives"

THE "German Naval Pocket Book" is quite determined to convince itself that the German fleet really did sink the *Tiger*. No less than five times in its veracious pages does it chronicle the destruction of this unfortunate warship. Still, as the *Tiger* belongs to the "Cat Class," the Germans will have to sink her four more times before finally finishing her, I suppose.

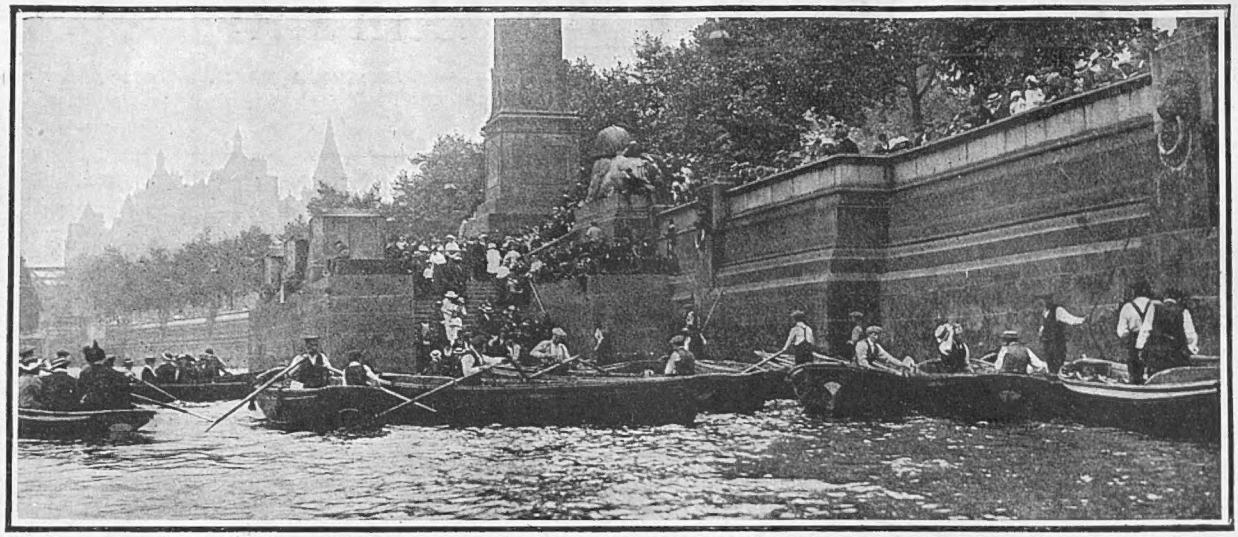
(*Continued on page 186*)

A Thremenjous Sthrain



CARSON: "Rhedmond, my bhoy, it's a dhirty thrick they're affther play'n' on us, so ut is—kapin' us shtandin' here for the dhiv'ls own toime for this grand, a-micable 'tablow'! B'my sowl, I don't belave I could change my attitude now if I was paid for ut!!"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded from page 184)



U C 5—AND A GOOD MANY MORE

Small boats going to see the captured German submarine off Temple Pier. A rare and refreshing harvest for the Thames watermen, who carry crowds of passengers all day and every day at twopence a head

Quite Like Old Times

THE papers got quite into a peace-timely state of excitement over the "scene" in Parliament. It turned out to be only Mr. Ginnell again, and the "scene" was the suspension of the sitting of the Imperial House of Commons because this disgruntled Irish gintleman had referred to the answer of an Under-Secretary as "insolent." If the House is to be adjourned every time an Irishman uses a mild epithet, it seems that Mr. Speaker has given the obstructionists the chance of their lives.

⁂ ⁂

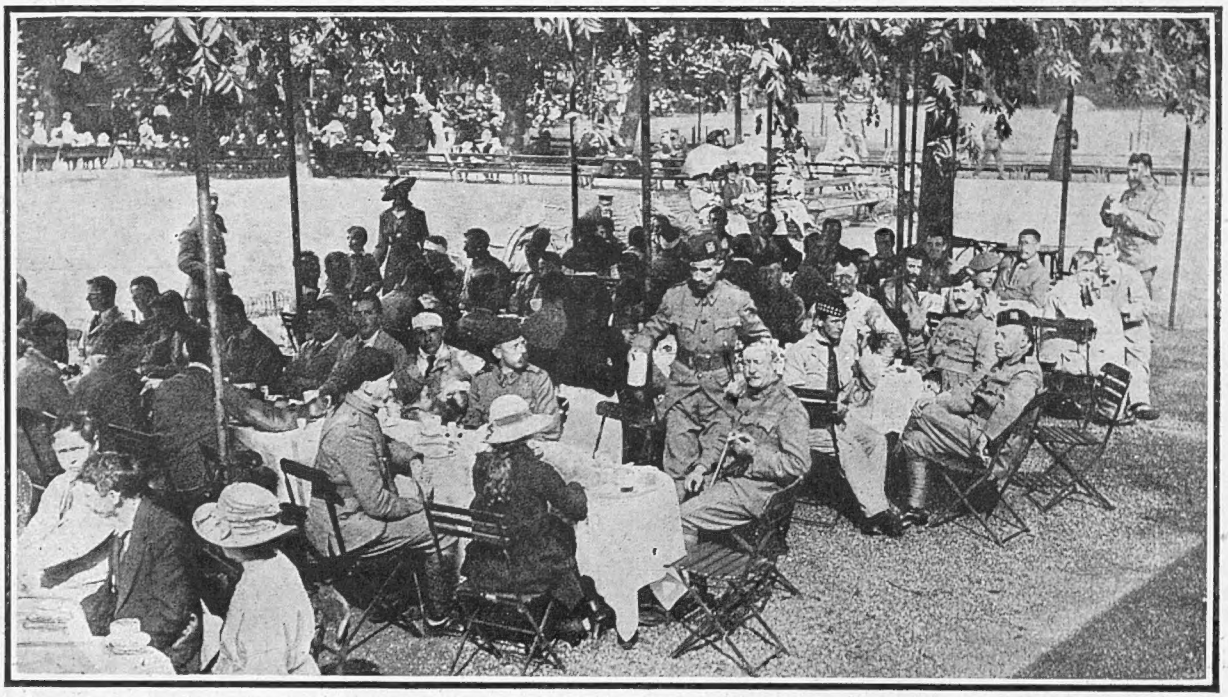
The "Promenade" has gone—

MR. ALFRED BUTT has obediently abolished the Empire promenade at the instigation of the unseen hand of puritanism, and henceforth a "certain element" of femininity will be absent from its only remaining place of assembly. Much good is supposed to hang to this reform. Well, well, it all depends on the point of view. For myself, I have long been inclined to regard the "certain element" in question as almost suburban in its respectability compared with what has latterly passed under the name of "society," and it has not been in the promenades that flagrancy has been most in evidence. I have seen members of the despised and rejected class enter so-called fashionable restaurants and remark to each other, after a glance at their "society" sisters, that they were no places for respectable females. However. . . .

⁂ ⁂

—Will the Music Hall go too?

IN due course, I suppose, the British music-hall will settle the problem of itself. At present, with the revue in full swing at so many "legitimate" houses, the *raison d'être* of the purely variety theatre seems to be passing, and those who like the old-style "hall" must seek the red-nose in the outer suburbs.



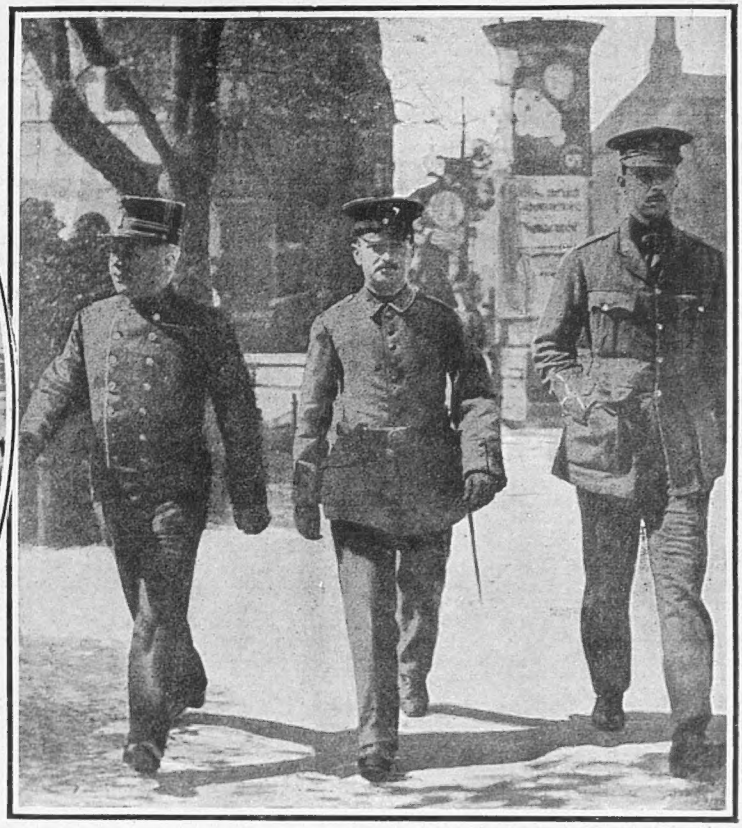
SOLDIERS IN REGENT'S PARK

Convalescents thoroughly enjoying an afternoon at the Zoo, where, after visiting all the usual favourite exhibits, they were entertained to tea

FROM THE ENEMY'S CAPITALS

IN VIENNA

Memorial erected to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Lissa, when the Austrians defeated the Italians at sea



IN BERLIN

Two prisoners of war, a Belgian and a British officer, walking in a Berlin street accompanied by a German non-commissioned officer

IN CONSTANTINOPLE

Arrival of one of the big Austrian field-mortars, with Turkish and German military officers standing round

AT FÜRSTENWALDE, BERLIN

Another of the æsthetically beautiful "Hindenburg statues"—a fine example of the German idea of combining art and patriotism as a means of obtaining a little ready cash

Home Rule—With a Difference

THE COMMON SENSE ABOUT IRELAND

To have politics is, at the present time, as improper and unpatriotic a thing as to have cocaine, petrol, or intoxicants at 11.59 a.m. or 6.29 or 9.31 p.m. Somebody has told us that they are inconsistent with winning the war, and if in England somebody says anything sufficiently often, somebody must be right. Though, in your spare time from fighting, training, or shell-making, you may discuss racing (when any), religion (if any), revue costumes (where any), and any other peace-time left-over topic, a great hush must descend if you and your friends find yourselves talking of Home Rule. Not that one wants to talk of Home Rule; one doesn't. But the fact that one mustn't induces the inevitable desire. . . .

—•••—

For The Bystander Home Rule was *chose jugée* when it was passed by the Estates of the Realm. It was on the national *menu* as inevitably as next Christmas's pudding. It didn't like our digestion, but we were prepared to eat it to please the Irish children, especially as they had undertaken to be very, very good during the intervening months.

—•••—

The trouble about the Home Rule pudding and the Irish children is that some of the latter didn't keep their promise, and instead of being very, very good, were horrid. They smashed up the nursery. The acting nursery-governess on the spot punished some of the ringleaders with such extreme severity that the lawful and orderly ones, who had kept their word, were shocked, and a general atmosphere of sullen revolt permeated the whole place.

—•••—

Whereupon there arose great anxiety among the grown-ups below, and some of the Very Wisest among these said "There's an awful atmosphere upstairs. What about ante-dating Christmas and serving the pudding right away?" For the proposal there went up many hands. Give them fifty puddings, said some of the grown-ups, if we can only get peace and quiet to be able to continue our jolly old rampage in the German gymnasium.

"But they'll choke," said some of the Very Foolishest.

"Let 'em, and a . . . good job too," said the Wise.

"Incidentally," put in some of the Wise-Foolish, "you'll be rewarding the occupants of the nursery as a direct result of their own misbehaviour. What the Good Ones who behaved themselves were made to wait for until the Greek kalends or the end of the war, the Bad Ones have been able to get by smashing up the nursery. The result will be that the Bad Ones will be able to jeer and gibe at the Good Ones, and say, 'There you are! We always said it *paid* in this nursery to make yourself a pestilential nuisance, and that it didn't pay to be good. Were we right or were we not? As a result thereof and a sequel thereunto, we hereby declare the exclusive right to the whole of the pudding to be ours and not yours. To the victor the spoils!'".

Whereupon there will begin another schlemozzle upstairs surpassing the previous one in noisy intensity and damage sevenfold, and making it more impossible than ever to get on with the affair in the German gymnasium.

—•••—

The very anticipation of this has caused a sort of schlemozzle-in-advance. The Very Foolish men who objected to the pudding proposition *in toto* and *ad infinitum* now call upon all the gods to witness that they were the really wise ones, and so unto the row in the nursery there is added also a row in the dining-room, during progress of which the Germans in the gymnasium rejoice greatly.

"See! We always said that a family like that would never be able to hang together for long. It only needs *us* to hang together until the end and victory will be ours."

—•••—

The remedy in the household would be to withdraw the pudding altogether and to reappoint to entire control of affairs the governess who had inflicted the initial punishment, with instructions to continue a *régime* of strict severity until Christmas Eve (*i.e.*, the end of the War), when the question of the pudding should be revived and settled entirely according to the situation then existent.

—•••—

Translated into practical politics, that means: Keep Sir John Maxwell, or any other firm and capable soldier, over in Ireland until the end of the war. In order to *encourage* Ireland to behave herself, pass a short Act enabling the King to suspend Home Rule for a further period of three years *after* the war, if so advised by his advisers. In the meantime, while strictly preserving order, let the Irish be allowed to practise self-government. If the Irish protest that they don't like military law, I reply neither do I. But I have to endure it, and already I have experienced one of its minor operations at the Mansion House. I am perfectly prepared to be shot if I proceed next Sunday morning to possess myself of the General Post Office and to enfilade Cheapside with machine-guns made in Germany, and I really don't see why there should be any less obligation on the part of an Irishman to behave himself than on an Englishman.

—•••—

In matters that have nothing to do with the Empire, foreign policy, defence, tariffs, police, let the Irish rule themselves as much as they like. As a Saxon myself, and in the name of every other Saxon of my acquaintance, I promise that under no circumstances will I interest myself in, or interfere with, anything settled by the Irish about the paving of the way to Tipperary, the carpeting of Tammany Hall, or the morals of Miss Molly Maguire.

—•••—

But, you say, that *would* be Home Rule? Maybe, but with a difference. The Bystander

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

LONDON, *July* 31, 1916

DEAR COUSIN—

OUR third war August—and the third year of war beginning. Behind us two fateful years of crowded history and more crowded heroism. And before us—ah, well. . . . Our hope of what is before us lies, like our closest joys and our most secret sorrows, too deep for words, almost too deep for thoughts.

Does the road wind uphill all the way?
Yes, to the weary end.

It's not going to be any walk-over. Even the most unfaltering of optimists, I believe, concedes that now. And the price, the awful price, in blood and tears, of Empire—

Let whoso can forget it,
Walking life's noisy ways;
We who have looked on the Reapers
Go quietly all our days.

"After all it's better that the War should wait a minute than somebody run it with a shiny nose"

❀ ❀

AND not only in men. In money, too, the price is mounting up and up—which doesn't matter, of course, except that it's got to be paid, and that we and our children will have to pay it. Mere millions are things of the past, we spend six a day on the war alone; and they're fairly wallowing in positively *fantastic* profits—the contractors and the shipowners and the coal and food magnates and all the people (a pedestrian crowd, I grant you!) for whom this war's meant not anguish and loss and loneliness, but just Money. Some of them, they say, simply don't know where they are, so beyond their wildest dreams are even their meanest profits. And it would be almost amusing, if it weren't so perfectly sickening, that quite a lot of our war profiteers aren't even pure-bred Englishmen.

❀ ❀

USUALLY, I'm not what you'd call exactly a blood-thirsty sort of a person, am I? But quite often in London now, as Bairnsfather's "Bert" says in *Half-Past Eight*, that most amusing and cheering and alluring of revues—

I wants to 'ave a rifle
And slosh a 'un or two.

"They've actually got women wine butlers"

Not "over there" I don't mean. "Over there"'s reserved for heroes—isn't it?—for those who do

"——all that any man can do
And a good deal more."

as Mabel Russell sings, also at the Comedy. And, alas! *I'm* not a hero, couldn't be if I tried, and also, not being one of the synthetic, or, as we used to call it, "new" sort, can't even do all that a man can do.

❀ ❀

NO, it's here at home in England that I'd like to "slosh" around a bit, here where (naturalised, but still nasty) he roams at large as ever—and will continue to roam in the way he always has done, full of plenteous prosperity, till something is done about it. Of course, I know—I've been told it till I'm sick of hearing it—that *why* he's prosperous is 'cos he's so much more industrious and so much more painstaking than we are, and hasn't any silly pride or too much bally honour, and can lick the foot that kicks him, when politic.

❀ ❀

BUT for all his virtues I hate him. He's always *so* unprepossessing. I suppose there are good-looking Germans of sorts, but just now we are blind to their beauties. Some of the naval ones we've got as prisoners aren't bad, I'm told, but, of course, they're

(*Continued on page 190*)

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*continued from page* 189)

modelled on ours as closely as the Frenchman copies our men's clothes. On the whole, I really think one could hate him less if he *weren't* naturalised. Then at least he'd be *something*, wouldn't he, and not just nothing (except a Crœsus), without a country, in a borrowed land that loathes him?

⁂ ⁂

ALSO, if he'd stick to his own label and not borrow names from Debrett. Which is confusing, however, only when you haven't met him. When you *have*—well, you don't really mind if he *is*, by letters patent, a Curzon, or a Cavendish, or a Manners. Schweinheimer or Liebfleisch or something is obviously written all over him, and the figures of his womenfolk alone would betray him.

⁂ ⁂

TALKING of Germs, some of us'll really realise that there's a war on soon, won't we, what with the petrol restrictions and the C.-in-C.'s mandate—"Let the whole British nation forego any idea of a general holiday until our goal is reached," and if the casualty lists continue to fill so many columns of our daily paper? Already, joy-rides have been sadly interfered with—the flappers are furious and such temp. sec. lieuts. as remain to them very fed-up about it, too, I'm told.

⁂ ⁂

BUT as to the whole British nation not taking holidays—h'm! Mayfair's empty, anyway, and such is the rush, so I hear, at all the South Coast "resorts" that the natives are putting up prices sky-high, on the no doubt very sound principle that profits must be made out of the troubles of the (East Coast) others, and that those who are able to afford holidays in war-time can also afford to be fleeced. Which is very hard, of course, on those who've done their war-work, and the wives and families of those of them still doing it. But that's what happens in war. Some go scot-free, others are too heavily burdened.

⁂ ⁂

THE petrol shortage makes things awkward, of course, and already the cry goes up about people not being able to get about, and not being able to get their lunch supplies, and the trains being so crowded, and all that. But, after all, what *does* it matter? England did very well a hundred, fifty, even twenty years ago before she'd even *heard* of motor-cars, and we'll just have to get up earlier, that's all, and use Shanks's pony for a change, and carry home the food ourselves. So tiring, did you say, and heavy? Well, not more tiring than a round or two of golf or an afternoon's lawn tennis. And while so many women are doing munitions and working on the land, or even 'bus-conducting or ticket-collecting, the others who are doing the easier job of staying at home and looking after their households can surely do a little of the rough work too.

"Naturalised, he roams as large as ever."

APROPOS, she's getting on, isn't she—woman, I mean? I forget if it's at the Carlton or the Athenæum where they've actually got women wine-butlers. *Wine-butlers*—think of it!—There's progress, if you like. We shall get the vote now all right, I expect, without any more trouble. And without sacrificing any of our "womanliness" either—which *is* a relief, isn't it? I mean, we haven't given up all the frills, so to speak, just because we've taken on some of the serious, solemn, masculine duties of life like uncorking and basketing the old-and-crusted, and passing on official memorandums and things at the Admiralty and places.

⁂ ⁂

THEY say that at the Government offices nowadays mirrors and powder-puffs and nail-polishers and things are as much a part of the usual desk equipment as ink-pots or quill-pens or red tape. It shocks some of the officials, of course, and annoys 'em, too, to have to wait for some important minute till one of the newest clerks has properly powdered her nose or fixed her hair. But they've just got to put up with it, that's all, and, after all, better that the war should wait a minute than somebody run it with a shiny nose or tousled head.

⁂ ⁂

TALKING of women's work, Helen's little drawing, "by request," of a Gun-Room Mess at 10.30 p.m., has had a sort of a kind of a rather mixed reception, so to speak. Too pretty and too tidy, some of them think she's made them look. "The picture, of course, was simply charming," writes the Gun-Room Mess which bet me a pair of silk stockings that she couldn't do it, "but—do we really look as sweet as that at 10.30? We wonder! And oughtn't we to be wrapped in guileless slumber at that late hour?

⁂ ⁂

"BUT you'll tender our heartiest thanks, won't you, to Helen for her top-hole reply to our challenge? Would that we could show her the original—but p'raps it's just as well we can't, as she might be sadly disillusioned." Anyway, the dear things have decided that I won the bet—the really nice men are never too fussy about us getting details too frightfully exact, are they? But there is one little detail our punctilious sailor-men are rather worrying about.

⁂ ⁂

"WE are still rather in the dark about sizes," write my "Babelets of the Bounding Blue," as they call themselves, "as even if we order the smallest they've got, they'll probably be too large." (Nicely put, that, isn't it?) "We are anxiously awaiting particulars, as our experience in such matters is sadly limited—remember our tender years.

(*Continued on page* 192)

A War-Worker in Ireland

Camera Portrait *E. O. Hoppé*

LADY MASSEREENE AND FERRARD

Now running a Free Buffet for Soldiers and Sailors at the Midland Station, Belfast. She has been very busy during the War, and at the time of the Dublin outbreak went out to the help of the wounded with the North Irish Horse Ambulance, and did great work

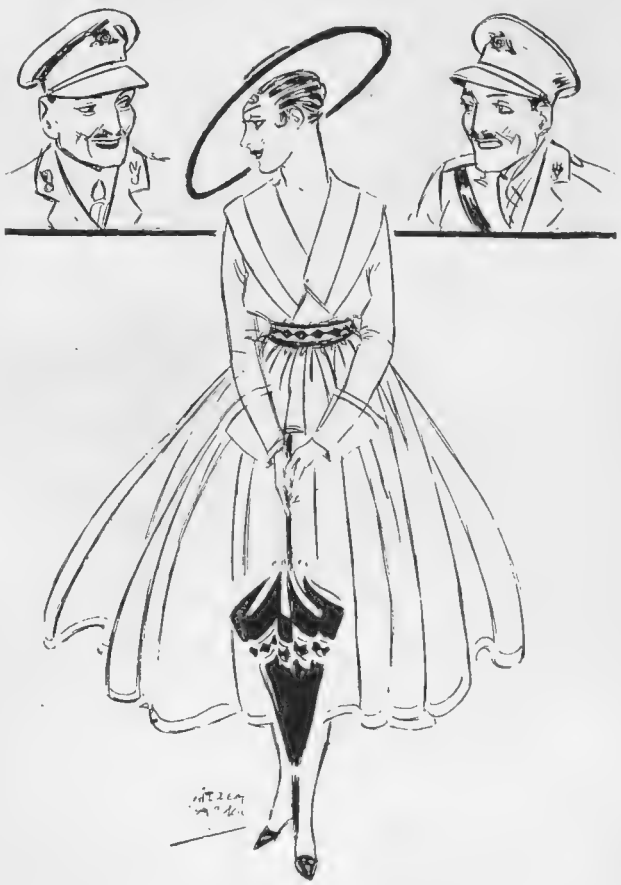
"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded from page* 190)

"HEARTIEST congrats., by the way, on your cake-winning stunt. But who are these hungry young officers who dare to hide their greed under the cloak of specious competitions? Next time we come on leave we're going to keep our weather eye lifting for a boatswain's pipe, the dragon dog, and a fair young thing in attendance. So beware, Blanche, lest the secret which has baffled millions be revealed."

BY the way, awfully kind of that ship which sent me a couple of photographs to show me what a gun-room mess *really* looks like. But, unfortunately, they arrived showing a very vague and shadowy view of some apparently black-faced infants at play. So I remain unenlightened.

BUT there's one midshipman whose feelings I seem to have seriously hurt, and who's sent me a real lecture all for my good. "Your total ignorance of matters dealing with the Senior Service and Backbone of the British Empire has been displayed by the fictitous (*sic*) use of some catch expression referring to its junior officers as mere children.

"THAT some of them are young for their profession cannot be denied, but considering that their average age is eighteen, such baubling (*sic*) expressions as you use of them are entirely fallacious, and, furthermore, injurious to their reputation. Let me remind you that these 'babes' have shown their mettle in the Dardenelles (*sic*), the Battle of Jutland, and elsewhere; yet you refer to them by such effeminite (*sic*) names as 'Babes of the Bounding Blue.'



"We shan't let our optics rest anywhere but on the one and only 'Blanche'"

"COULD you, who indulge in the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, share with them their burdens and hardships for but a few moments, your opinion of them would be instantly reversed, and even so versatile a pen as yours would be unable to express a suitable opinion of them." (I *don't* think!) "I can say no more; but before the end I must express a hope that in the future you will refrain from the use of meaningless phrases, which only convey an absurd and fatuous impression of the young naval officers.—Yours sincerely, ONE OF THEM."

YOU know, this is simply *wasted* on the Navy, isn't he? Ought to be a parson or an auctioneer or something.

AND talking of letters, one I've just had from the Front remarks on a wonderful description of the Army Postal Service he's just read in some magazine, "which makes it quite clear that this is the most dangerous branch of the Army, and not, as I had hitherto supposed, the A.S.C. It tells how the postman makes his way under continual shell-fire across no-man's land, now dropping to avoid the Very lights, now catching on a trip-wire."

A GREAT pity, says my Infantry Sub., "that the A.P.S. has not more members in it, for in my division we have to fetch our own letters. Naturally the cowardly infantryman is a poor substitute, and always comes up by the communication trenches."

THERE'S a great end-of-season feel about things—though there hasn't been a season and there aren't any (official) holidays. The charity shows have come to a sudden full stop, and the theatres are closing, and there's talk of the House rising, though to the lay mind it would seem it never *could* rise, so various and so involved are the subjects still before it. But, anyway, of course, London won't empty this year as it used to, or did even last August. For the price of the Great Push is heavy and bitter, and some of us haven't the heart to go from home out into the world which doesn't know and doesn't care. And others are waiting, waiting. . . .

SO often in their charming, cheery letters from the Front my soldiermen correspondents have told me that I "helped" them. I wish I could help, too, all the women here at home and all over the Empire who long and wait and mourn for them. But I can't—grief's too sacred to be "helped," and, also, no woman can ever be to any other woman what a man is to her. Men are our children, as well as our lovers, and so in losing them we lose both child and lover.

BUT those "made free of life by death" in this appalling sacrifice live, don't they, in proud as well as loving memory in the hearts of those that loved them? It's hard, perhaps, the old Miltonic verse that—

> Nothing is here for tears . . . .
> . . . . Nothing but well and fair
> And what may quiet us in a death so noble.

But it's true. To mourn for heroes—nothing is there for tears, and so we must not shed too many.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

The Match of the Year

CAPTAINS AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS XI'S OF 1916, WHO WILL BE PLAYING AT LORD'S NEXT WEEK

F. R. OLIVER
Captain of Westminster (Rest)

W. J. MALDEN,
Captain of Hailey bury (Lord's)

V. E. BOURDILLON
Captain of Brighton (Rest)

L. H. K. GREGSON
Captain of Harrow (Lord's)

M. D. LYON
(Rugby)
Captain of Lord's Schools xi

J. S. B. GENTRY
Christ's Hospital (Rest)

C. L. D. FAWCUS
Vice-Captain of Bradfield (Rest)

W. G. LOWNDES
Eton (Lord's)

M. O. CARTER
Captain of Bedford (Rest)

Photographs *E. H. D. Sewell*

Lord's Ground will wake into life on Monday and Tuesday next week, when an eleven selected from the schools who normally play at Lord's will oppose one picked from the schools who are otherwise not seen at headquarters. Two really good sides have been got together, and there should be two capital days' cricket

The Newest Army

DERBY RECRUITS: BY A KITCHENER SUB

PASSED BY CENSOR

I CAME back from the Front in January with a slight wound and any amount of experience. I had lived on frozen meat and strawberry jam for eight months, and rats and insects had attempted to live on me for the same period. I had been deafened by the continual shelling, blinded by star-lights, and very nearly struck dumb by my own excessive use of bad language. In fact, when I arrived in the "Tradesman's City of Peace" again, I was just beginning to recover the full use of my numbed senses. Rouen had helped, of course—Rouen No. 8 ward always does help, doesn't it? Sister—but I won't disclose her name—is very kind, and, besides, she is the first real English girl one has seen since one went up to the danger zone. (I wonder why all the sisters at the "Casualty Clearing Station" up there are Scotch?)

❀ ❀

WELL, after I had misspent a couple of months' leave I joined up again at the training centre of the particular body of which I am the proud member. There I found to my amazement 2,000 men cleaning their buttons, doing advance guard work, and in every way perfecting themselves and being turned out as efficient members of that particular body to which I am so proud to belong. In addition to these, there were another six or seven hundred recruits—Derbyites—learning Guards' drill on the square—easing springs by numbers and presenting arms on the march. Of course, there is a sprinkling of old soldiers and medal-emblazoned sergeant-majors among them, but for the most part they are drawn from the wrong side of the counter and the right side of humanity—the working-man. Some are married, most engaged, and the remaining few misogynists, I suppose. I have wandered into the present tense because they are *still* here increasing in number and efficiency. Three thousand men—a good fifty per cent. fit for the front now—earning a bob a day, digging gardens round their huts and doing coal fatigues, longing to go out.

❀ ❀

SOME people—mostly unfit civilians or superfluous maiden-aunts—are labouring under the unjustified delusion that a Derby recruit is the man who failed to come up to the scratch until he thought compulsion was coming. As a matter of fact, the Derbyites are principally composed of the men with the very important jobs in large and important businesses which couldn't be left until it was flagrantly necessary and which are now going rapidly to pot. Others were severely married.

❀ ❀

BEFORE they made an actual appearance on the square the instructor sergeants were busily engaged in making slave-driving plans. One poor fellow came on parade with an enormous, stiff white collar. "Stand up straight, you looking over that whitewash wall," bawled the sergeant. But no subdued giggles rewarded the N.C.O. The man stood up straight, and the thought-out gibe had fallen flat. The Derby recruits were a better lot than he had expected. Intelligent men, they learnt their drill quickly, and understood discipline quicker still.

And they are longing to go out.

❀ ❀

NOW and then three or four do go, as a draft, keen and envied. Now that they are in, they want to be soldiers, not gardeners. It's too late to think of businesses—almost too late to think of wives. Surely we want every fit man out there now! I heard a man say the other day that he thought of getting transferred from the corps, to which I am so proud to belong, and join the Army. As a whole, however, they are not grumbling—merely hoping.

❀ ❀

A NEW foot-drill has been invented by our faultless second-in-command to relieve the monotony. All the officers, old and young, are being drilled by the sergeant-major, cursed by the corpulent adjutant, and smiled at by the charming colonel. It won't help us much in the trenches, but it looks well and passes the time away. *Quelle vie extraordinaire!*

Meanwhile the sweet peas are coming up in the gardens and the war goes on.

❀ ❀

BY the way, there are no complaints about food, these days. It's quite a relief for the orderly officer. Of course, I can never understand how a man does a day's work on a breakfast of bacon and tomatoes; it seems, however, that it is a popular form of amusement. One of my friends tells me proudly that he lives on cheese and tomatoes in civilian life, and it costs nothing. He looks it. In the officer's mess there are many complaints. The bills are too much for our incomes and the food too much for our insides. But what matters the cog in the wheel?

❀ ❀

SUMMER is here, and early parade is at 6 n.t. The war is celebrating this week its second birthday. Three thousand men are going out in driblets of four a fortnight. Now then, prophets and arithmeticians, will they all be out before the war's over?

If not at the Front
In the FLESH
Go there in the SPIRIT.
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THE PUBLISHER, TALLIS HOUSE, E.C.:
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MORE "FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE"

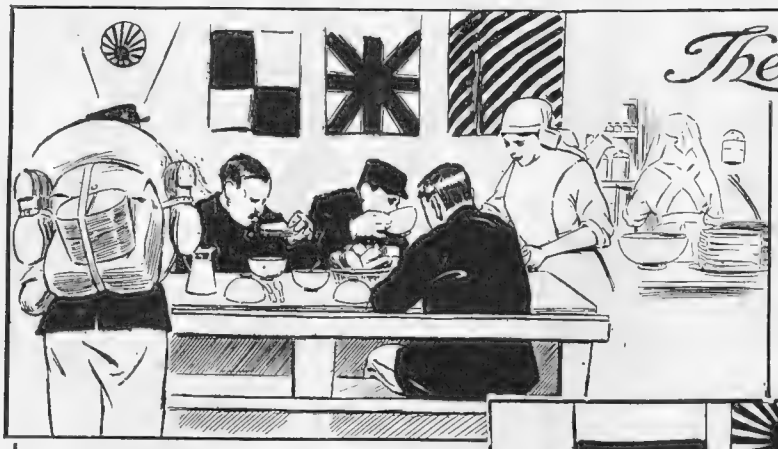
Augusts Three

PASSED BY CENSOR

TO EACH YEAR ITS TYPE

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

The Bystander in Paris



"The Belgians have adopted one side of the huge room"—

—"The Britishers the other"

THE SOLDIERS' CANTEEN

She sighed and absorbed a chocolate caramel. Then she began to talk. Now, I don't pretend to be a psychologist or a biologist, or terminologist, or housemaid's knee or anything like that, but in the course of a fairly mis-spent life, I have seen things, and if I were an American I should probably lay claim to having "studied some." And the kind of woman who pops a chocolate caramel into her mouth preparatory to lecturing you on her desire to lead a useful life is never going to do any other work if she can help it.

❊

However, the dear thing had very pretty little feet, and she looked very comfortable among the cushions, so when she said that she was sick of a life of inactivity I merely smiled. I had suggested ammunition, but that was such gritty work, and her back was too weak for flag-selling, and didn't I know a nice C.O. of good family who would like her to smooth wounded Tommy's feverish brow in a field hospital and write letters home for him? I told her that if she knew anything about the latest developments of football, she might go and talk to Tommies about that, but that the nurses had a professional way of attending to the heated brow business which Tommy preferred, and that field hospitals were busy places, and she told me I was hatefully prosaic. "I think it is so unkind of you," she said, "you *might* help me to do my bit." So I said I would, and sent her a message the next morning asking for soap, writing paper and stationery generally, muffins and crumpets, sausages and towels, in any quantities she could spare. So now she tells all her acquaintances what a horrid man I am, and how unsympathetic.

❊

I shall never write the encyclopædic work which might be written about the drones of war, firstly because I am a lazy man, and, secondly, because when I am asked by angry readers what real war-work I have done myself, I can only plead age and infirmities which have kept me out of khaki, and whimper that I've done my best to keep the home fires burning this cold summer, incidentally remarking that the price of cabbages and other matters of that kind has made stoking rather difficult.

❊

And, here in Paris, the Bystander observes a curious thing. Old man Shakespeare was a little bit wrong in his quotation about conscience. Conscience does not make cowards of us all nowadays. It makes us talk and explain why we are not doing things. And I was perfectly serious when I asked the lady with the caramel for sausages and towels and stationery and soap and crumpets. I want them sent in any quantity addressed to Miss Dorothy Brooke, Directrice, Canteens for Soldiers, Army Post Office, S5, British Expeditionary Force. Because the Soldiers' Canteen in the cellarage of the Gare du Nord can do with all these things in any quantities. It is run by English women more or less under Red Cross supervision, and it is very interesting.

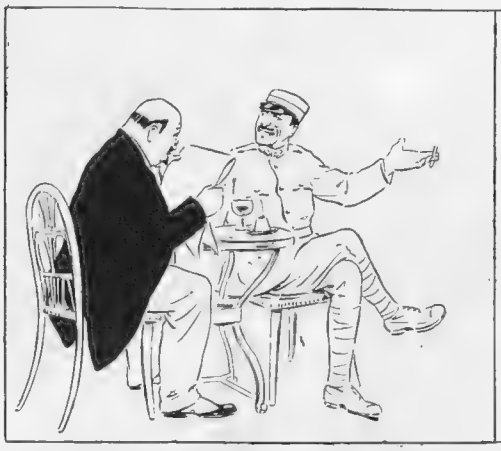
❊

You fall downstairs out of the station into it, and the first thing that strikes you when you get past the mixed odours is the curious way in which the sheep and the goats are divided. The Canteen provides for all kind of soldiers except French—the French have a canteen of their own—and Belgians, British or Colonials are equally welcome. The British and Colonials pay a trifle for their food. The Belgians pay nothing. Firstly, I think, because they wouldn't, and secondly, I think, because they can't. Such trifles as baths, beds, light literature, stationery, and various odds and ends are provided for everybody free. These Women's Emergency Canteens (there are several others in France besides the one at the Gare du Nord) are doing jolly good work for about 2,300 men a week. So I was perfectly serious about the muffins and towels and sausages and things.

(Continued on page 197)

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded from page* 196)

I LEARNED a curious little fact about the Belgians when I went and had tea at the Canteen the other day. I have known lots of Belgians in Belgium and elsewhere before the war. They used to be a noisy, merry, life-loving crowd. The nation has stopped laughing now. The difference between the Belgian and the British soldiers, taking their ease in the Canteen, is very curious. The two sets of men never mix at all. The Belgians have adopted one side of the huge room, the Britishers the other. This is curious, because when British soldiers and French soldiers are thrown together they always manage to understand one another somehow, and they are very jolly and pally together. But the Belgians seem — naturally enough —to have been stunned by their national disaster. They have none of the jollity of the fighting men of other nations. They just sit upright on a bench and wolf quantities of food in glum, stolid silence. "Do they *never* laugh?" I asked one of the Canteen ladies. "There's only one thing makes them laugh," they told me. "When we're busy they help us, by throwing slops down the sink. The sink is an awkward one, and the dirty water sometimes splashes up and drenches them. That makes them laugh. Nothing else ever does, and they rarely say anything at all except '*Deux œufs*.'"



"If you're behind the lines you needn't worry"

"If you are in a zone which isn't dangerous you needn't worry"

"If you're not wounded you needn't worry"

"If you are slightly wounded you needn't worry"

"If you get well you needn't worry"

"If you die you can't worry"

*

AND apropos of the civilians whom the war bores so, I wonder if you've heard the French *poilu's* little trench creed. Every French soldier knows it by heart, and every allied civilian ought to. Besides, it's rather amusing. Here it is. "When you're a soldier you are one of two things, either at the front or behind the lines. If you're behind the lines, you needn't worry. If you're at the front you are one of two things. You are either in a danger zone or in a zone which isn't dangerous. If you are in a zone which isn't dangerous, you needn't worry. If you're in a danger zone you are one of two things. Either you're wounded or you are not. If you're not wounded you needn't worry. If you are wounded you are one of two things. Either you are seriously wounded or you are slightly wounded. If you are slightly wounded you needn't worry. If you are seriously wounded one of two things is certain. Either you get well or you die. If you get well, you needn't worry. If you die, you *can't* worry. So there is no need to worry at all." Some philosophy, what?

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

"Somewhere in Flanders"

EXERCISING DISCRETION

My Dear Bystander—

There are many different factors which go to make up an advance, and one of the minor cogs in the wheel which contributes in some way towards the success of the undertaking is the discouragement, as far as possible, of the "circulation des civils." I mean the conscientious desire to reduce to a minimum the travelling propensities of civilians, exceptions to be made in favour of cases of extreme urgency.

❋ ❋

And when I tell you that my instructions are that I am to exercise my discretion in deciding the definition of an urgent case you will understand that my years lie heavy upon me. Not a woman within a ten-mile radius who is not convinced that a journey to —— to pass the time of day with her cousin Mathilde or to go and see about some furniture, is not a mission of the most deadly urgency; never was there anything more urgent! When I break it to her as nicely as I can that, much as I regret it, I find it quite impossible to see eye to eye with her in the matter she simply can't believe me. I *must* be joking.

❋ ❋

And when I have repeated this fourteen times and am just drawing breath to say it over again, she suddenly fumbles in her pocket for a handkerchief and breaks into sobs—choking little sobs which rip through the male heart like a cheese-wire. It is perfectly awful. I jump up from my chair and pace the room like a caged canker—I mean a caged panther. Sometimes I wave my arms in a despondent fashion, and exclaim, "*Que voulez vous, Madame, c'est la guerre!*" At other times in a paroxysm of mental anguish, "*Que voulez vous donc que je vous dise, moi?*" I demand, and call loudly for my interpreter, Roger. He is a priest in private life, whose calling renders him most awfully *sympathique* in his dealings with the other sex.

❋ ❋

I don't know what I should have done without Roger. Failing Solomon in all his glory there is nobody I would sooner have attached to my office. Together we ponder over the merits of the applications and together (exercising our discretion) we convince the applicant of the superfluousness of his (or her) request, and furnish a happy solution of the difficulty.

❋ ❋

Thus a farmer wishing to go to one of his farms near —— to see if his pigs have fattened since his last visit, it is suggested that he shall send his man in charge a piece of string wherewith to measure them round the waist. To a lady anxious to proceed to —— in order (1) to ascertain whether or not the moth has got into a couple of mattresses she has left in the charge of her sister-in-law's niece and (2) to visit her nephew's brother-in-law's old Aunt Marcelle, who is feeling poorly and wants cheering up, we propose (1) a packet of camphor sent by post to the sister-in-law's niece with instructions to apply same and (2) a picture-postcard.

It is a thankless and a wearisome job, and yet it is not without its small rewards.

❋ ❋

Some time back it was my painful duty to refuse permission to Edmond Spilliaert to proceed to —— to marry a wife. To-day Edmond Spilliaert comes to see me, and his face radiant with happiness, thanks me from the bottom of his heart, as he is now engaged to a handsome, well-endowed widow near by, whom he loves with a passion that mocks the power of words.

I like to think that by exercising my discretion I have probably delivered Spilliaert from a *mésalliance* which might have made him miserable for life.

Yours ever,

Jack Johnson

AND VERY NICE, TOO

The Canuck is accustomed to roughing it—in Canada; but when he goes on Active Service he evidently intends to be as comfortable as possible when not actually engaged in straffing. This official photograph of a Battalion Headquarters shows a Canadian Staff Officer at—and on—his country seat

MORE "FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE"

Ships that Pass in the Night

PASSED BY CENSOR

"Where do yer want this put, Sargint?"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

War Wonders in London Life

PLACE: A CITY RESTAURANT. TIME: THE LUNCHEON HOUR. PUZZLE: FIND A MAN!

A Halt by the Way

If details of the war had not long since ceased to astonish, few pictures could be more remarkable than this official photograph of Indian Cavalry halting in the street of what was once a French village, but now merely a collection of broken bricks and naked rafters. The lance is still the weapon par excellence of the Indian Cavalry, and the Deccan Horse used theirs to good effect on the first opportunity given them in the big push early in July

Hints to Harassed Husbands.

BY "EFEMERA."
Illustrated by Hill Clarke

"Led to the altar by a conquering cook"

Committing Matrimony

THERE are various ways of taking a wife. The cynic will say that the best of them is not to take a wife at all. Perhaps he is right, but as the majority of men do at one time or another commit matrimony, the fortunate bachelor must for the present be shelved in the company of those happy countries without a history. To return to our flock, some men marry from choice, some because they cannot help themselves. It is not the fault of the latter; they are born that way, as a few are born to be hanged. As a rule they fall a prey to the first enterprising female who crosses their path. However, their fate, inglorious though it be, is not so bad as that of some cynics I have known who having managed to elude feminine snares until the riper fifties, were led to the altar by a conquering cook.

❀ ❀

The Fate of Cynics

THESE simple creatures, for the cynic at bottom is a singularly simple soul, fondly imagined that having attached to their persons a culinary expert, comfort and wholesome simplicity of living would be the portion of their declining years. Alas! for their illusions! No sooner was Madam Cook installed as mistress than she flung cap and apron over the windmill and demanded a butler and *chef*. Of course, the bridegroom in these cases was simply asking for trouble, and only got what he deserved. One has to pay a price for assuming that one's wisdom is of a superior, not to say infallible, brand and acting upon that mistaken premise.

❀ ❀

The Normal Husband

THE problem facing the average husband is of a different nature. Presumably he has followed the ordinary course of marrying for love—or under the stimulus of an emotion which he took for love, though it may be no more than gratified vanity. He confidently expects the rest of his life to be a sort of rosy dream. He looks to his partner to combine the qualities of ministering angel, expert housekeeper, social deputy, tried comrade, and decorative adjunct, and he is not only surprised, but aggrieved, to find that she is no more than a human being like himself with a flourishing little collection of faults as well as virtues. He expects her to run along by his side like a well-oiled machine. It has never occurred to him that any management or diplomacy on his part will be required. The pricking of his absurd bubble leaves him aghast and full of resentful bitterness.

(Continued on page 204)

"Treat your words and commandments with contempt"

"With a rebel on your hands"

HINTS TO HARASSED HUSBANDS (*concluded from page 203*)

The Average Wife

Now, taken dispassionately, the management of the average wife is quite an easy business. There is no occasion to tear the hair and cry out that all is lost because a woman has not turned out exactly as one expected to find her. All that is needed is the exercise of common sense. First study your wife, then apply the treatment best adapted to her particular case—for, strange as it may seem, all women are not cut out after the same pattern. What corrects the faults of one will turn another into a domestic fury.

When to Beat

There are women who enjoy being beaten. If being knocked down once a month is necessary to a woman's happiness and the preservation of peace in the family, it is mere priggish folly to refuse to indulge her harmless craving for knock-about farce. Mistakenly chivalrous scruples should not be allowed to upset the family apple-cart. The sacrifice demanded of the husband is not a heavy one; simply the keeping of his muscles in athletic trim—little enough, considering what is at stake.

The Uses of Neglect

But all women are not of the dog or walnut-tree order. Some object to having a hand laid on them except in the way of kindness. No greater blunder could well be perpetrated than to treat a refractory subject to an exhibition of physical violence. She will harden her heart and treat your words and commandments with contempt. And as in the present-day and generation the logical conclusion, wife-killing, has gone out of fashion you are left for better for worse with a rebel on your hands and the humiliation of defeat in your heart. Where beating is impolitic a little wholesome indifference or even neglect will be found to work wonders. Not consistent neglect, mind you; it must be alternated with periods during which you show what you can do in the other direction. Such a course of conduct will keep a woman interested. If your wife never knows what may be expected of you from day to day, that boredom which is the chief enemy of married happiness becomes impossible. And be assured that the woman of spirit who finds no excitement in her home life will seek it elsewhere.

"Little attentions do much to oil the machinery of domestic life"

Small Change

Little attentions do much to oil the machinery of domestic life. A woman likes to feel that the lover is not entirely buried in the husband. Birthdays, wedding anniversaries, and the like should not be passed over unnoticed. Observance of them does not require much trouble (a notebook or a marked calendar to assist the memory will be found helpful), and the effect is quite marvellous. Compliments should not be neglected. If your wife has taken trouble to please you, she deserves some recognition of her efforts, whether or not they have been attended by success—and nothing is more disheartening to a woman than to have a new hat or frock accepted in stony silence.

The Peace Offering

Presents, of course. No woman born ever yet feared the Greeks because of their gifts. That species of terror is confined to the male sex. A woman expects gifts as her rightful tribute, of which she refuses to be defrauded. What you spend on a woman is not nearly so important as when and how you spend it. There is nothing like a present for tiding over difficulties. A timely peace-offering has kept many an erring man out of the divorce courts. If you must go a-roving don't forget the harbour-dues when you come back to port. Kissing may go by favour, but matrimonial peace is bought at a price; if you want it, you must pay for it. As for wifely obedience, the less you expect the better. Every wise man knows that it is left behind at the church door, to keep company with all the worldly goods wherewith he endowed his bride. They make admirable companion-pieces.

"A new hat or frock accepted in stony silence"

Efemera

The Heroine of "Daddy-Long-Legs"

Photograph *T. E. Howe*

MISS RÉNÉE KELLY

Who delights everyone by her acting in "Daddy-Long-Legs," that tenderest and prettiest of American plays, at the Duke of York's Theatre

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"We're All In It" at the Empire Theatre

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THE idea of this Revue is that Squire Darling, a man with heaps and heaps of money (in plays, money doesn't talk, it shrieks), is tempted to turn to the modern hobby of the wealthy man, that of "running" a Revue. The Squire is Mr. George Graves. We first see him getting out of bed in a suit of pyjamas, the pattern of which is loud enough to keep anybody but a professional humorist awake for ever. The man who lures the Squire into the Revue project is Mr. Will Evans, who has for a long time been happily associated with Mr. Graves in this light and airy class of entertainment. As soon as the production of the Revue has been decided on, it becomes necessary to take the first step essential to all revues, the search for—the girls.

IT is, perhaps, a part of nature's subtle scheme of things that since the war has made it necessary that women should become their own breadwinners, a new career should have been opened up for the girl of the period by the modern revue. Indeed, I am told that the demand for candidates for this class of work exceeds the supply by several decimal points. And revues have the advantage over the marriage market in that they give the plain girl an even chance in the running. Men have been known to marry for the sake of a pretty face; but the revue is chiefly a question of figures, as it were; and what you haven't got can always be supplied by the dressers on very easy terms.

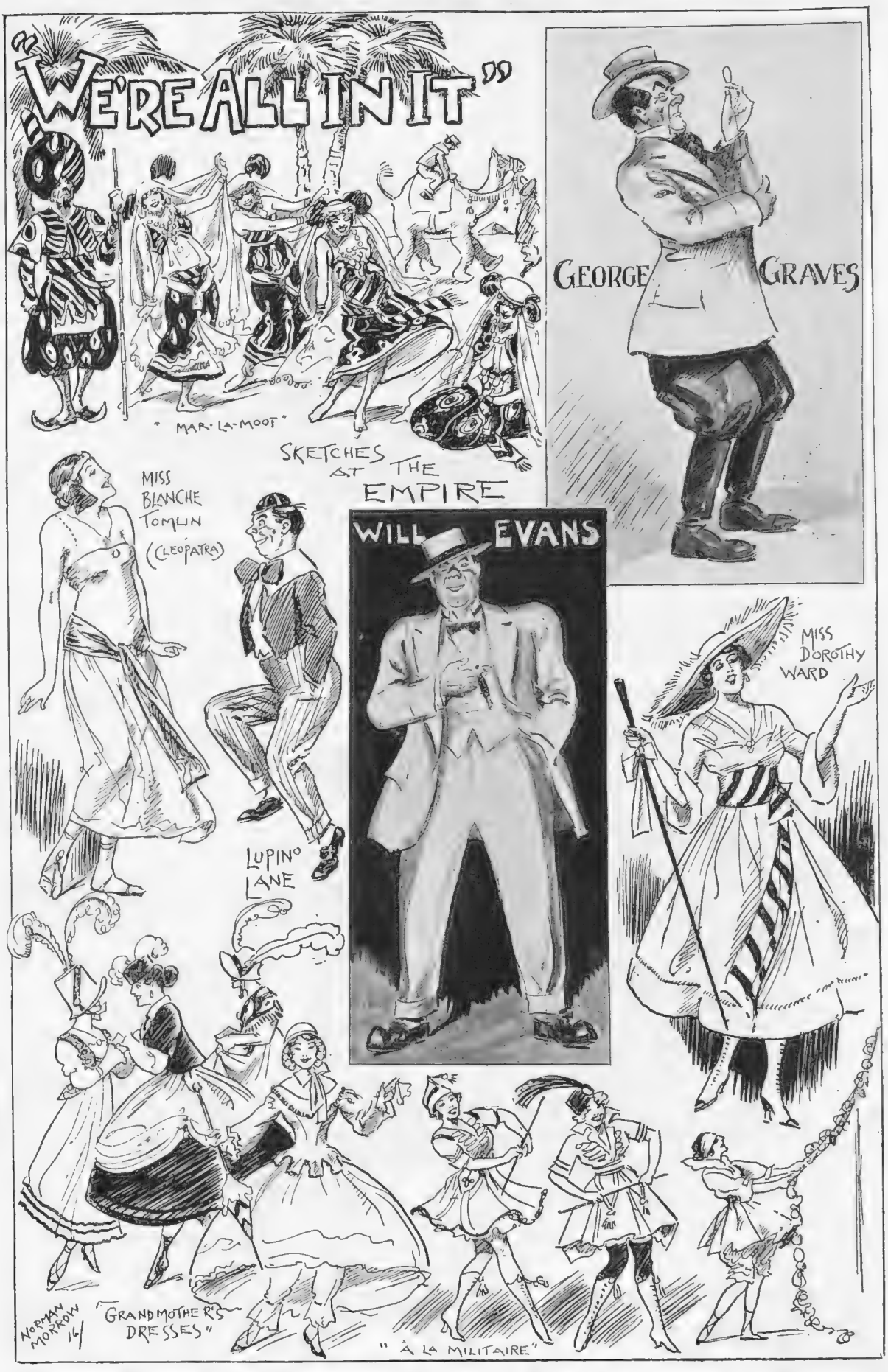
FIRST we go to Paris, where a sad misfortune befalls the Squire on the very threshold of his new career. On waking up one morning he is informed by his valet that on the previous evening he would insist on marrying one of his chorus ladies, and his friends had to oblige him to keep him quiet. Nothing is known of the lady except that her name is Denise, and it seems to the Squire that if he should start at once for some far-away oasis in the desert he may be able to escape the consequences of his rash act. We next see him at an Egyptian oasis accordingly, and the first person who greets him there is—Denise. Kismet! This part is played by Miss Dorothy Ward, who is a distinct

acquisition to the evening's entertainment.

FROM Egypt we travel to Leicester Square, another salubrious spot long famous for its even temperature. The Squire and his friends have hit upon the idea of a picnic in the Square, arguing that now that excursion trains to the country and the sea are no longer available, residents in town should make the fullest use of the rural spots in their midst. Here Mr. Graves and Mr. Evans oblige with the duet of the evening. It is a song about nothing in particular—and not very particular at that—but it is crammed full of gorgeous nonsense, and might well be longer than it is.

WITH a large stage like that of the Empire Theatre it was to be expected that full advantage would be taken of the facilities for producing scenic effects on a prodigious scale. Miss Dorothy Ward has a pleasant song, "The Ladder of Roses," which is set in a frame of the most elaborate kind. At the back of the stage long strings of roses hang, apparently from the sky, and in between the strings are ladders leading in the same direction. As the song proceeds, the "Rose Girls" who form the chorus begin slowly to climb the huge ladders. One follows on another's heels into space above, until you get an idea from the everlasting procession that the Empire's reserves in chorus girls must be inexhaustible. I gather from the programme that this scene has been invented and patented in New York; but for a light-hearted revue it is, perhaps, a little cumbersome, and is chiefly remarkable as a tribute to the mechanical ingenuity of the inventor (and patentee).

ANOTHER elaborate picture is "The Blue Scene," in which, after a number of pleasing colour effects, the stage is darkened so that the eyes of the chorus ladies may be seen to be glittering like blue stars in a Southern sky. The effect is quite weird, and I can imagine that a man coming on the scene suddenly after a late dinner would feel quite relieved to hear from the people sitting around him that they could see it as well. The eccentric dancing of Mr. Lupino Lane and Miss Dorothy Sabin, and the charming singing of Miss Blanche Tomlin, add to the attractions of this excellent entertainment. JINGLE

Past Fashions and Pretty Fancies

The new Revue at the Empire, which combines fun and delicacy so admirably, is one of the pieces which all London will not rest until it has seen

BELLICOSITIES

THE All-Highest says he must not risk his precious life by facing his country's enemies in the field. But is he *quite* sure he isn't risking it equally by waiting to face them at the end of the war?

❋

"GERMAN torpedo-boats," chirrups a Berlin *communiqué*, "undertook a raid which brought them close to the mouth of the Thames." But that's nothing to U C 5, which undertook an expedition that brought it to the Temple Pier.

❋

IT is delightful to hear that the municipal authorities of Verdun have been calmly discussing the local rates. We may be sure, however, that they don't endorse the opinion, lately attributed to the German Crown Prince, that Verdun is a much over-rated place.

❋

CHARACTERISTICALLY, Carmelite House hails the issue of badges to disabled soldiers as "Another *Daily Mail* Reform." It evidently expects to be congratulated on its latest achievement as a Government badger

HADN'T NOTICED

SHE: "What regiment do you belong to, young man?"
NEW RECRUIT: "I don't know; what's it say on my cap?"

A TENNIS-RACQUET maker told a military tribunal, the other day, that he had done unprecedented business during the past six months. No doubt those who supply another essential of the game have enjoyed a corresponding increase of their net profits.

❋

IT is understood that the hens in this country, with the self-sacrificing patriotism of their race, have willingly agreed to the war-time suggestion that they should take their holidays in re-lays.

❋

NEW Jersey seaside visitors have indulged in a fight against an invasion of sharks. Our sincere sympathies—coupled with hearty congratulations on the fact that it is the first fight of the kind on record over there.

❋

APPARENTLY, the daily paper which has been asking the cause of the present scarcity of threepenny-pieces has failed to notice the statement that attendance at church has largely increased since the outbreak of the war.

❋

SO the modest Huns want two hundred millions to clear out of Belgium. If necessary, we shall pay the price; only we shall pay, as certain native tribes do—in shells.

❋

"MORE Petrol for Taxis?" asks the *Daily Express*, in one of its interrogative headlines. A likelier development would seem to be more taxes for petrol.

❋

TO borrow the U.S. vernacular, a Chinese puzzle is "not a circumstance" to the pending Presidential Election, in which Roosevelt is supporting Hughes "in order to beat Wilson," and the German-Americans are doing the same thing for precisely the same reason. Where *is* everybody, anyhow?

❋

INQUIRY at Carmelite House has failed to confirm the rumour that, in pursuance of its "cheap milk" demonstrations, the *Evening News* is to appear in future on cream-laid paper.

The Old Order Changeth

THE LADIES DE VERE START FOR THE DAY'S WORK ON THEIR ANCESTRAL ACRES

The Bystander in Stockholm

PRO-GERMANS

SWEDEN is not half as pro-German as its pro-Germans pretend and as some innocent Britons believe. Judged by the ballot, it is emphatically a pro-British and pro-*Entente* country, for the pro-German Moderates in the Riksdag command only eighty-six votes, whereas the Socialists have eighty-seven and the Liberals fifty-seven, and both of these parties, with a few notable exceptions, are strongly anti-German. But from reader's standpoint (I hope this is not treason) a healthy pro-German is more interesting than a pro-Briton, whom we take for granted. The pro-German is invariably breezy, bold and audacious; and that is precisely the charm of Sweden's pro-Germans.

❀

JUST now pro-Germanism, after a slump during the winter, is in strong midsummer vigour. It is kept lively by the Aland Islands agitation, which has led even such a mighty man as the late Chief of Staff, General Baron Rappe, to demand that Sweden shall send the *Entente* the ultimatum: neutralise Aland, or take the consequences. Which means, take war. Rappe as pro-German is a curiosity, for Rappe was long a fierce pro-Gaul, and fought valiantly in the French ranks in 1870. But the Aland Islands have turned his head; and his new pamphlet is in pure pro-German spirit; and if acted on would inevitably lead to war.

❀

MORE picturesque, more consistently pro-German, is Riksdag member, Captain Ernst Liljedahl. As Liljedahl belongs to the Liberal, pro-*Entente*, party his pro-Germanism also is a freak. He writes in the pink, very pro-German evening paper, *Aftenblad;* and he is just now vigorous on the same Aland question; and holds firmly that though Germany has full right to attack the Aland Islands Russia, under the Paris Treaty of 1856, must not defend them. This is a panic point with all Swedes. Before the war Liljedahl had two passions. One was German philosophy; and it is easy to reconcile this with his Germanic war feeling; the other was Social Purity; but why Social Purity enthusiasm should make a man pro-German is hard to say, and Liljedahl does not say it. Liljedahl is practically an Activist; and he thinks that Sweden's security depends on her joining Germany.

❀

NEXT comes Professor Rudolph Kjellen, formerly of Gothenburg High School, now of Upsala. Upsala, which formerly was a centre of mild Liberal Pacifism, is now a roaring menagerie of pro-German militancy. Kjellen has published numberless political essays; and last year he wrote fierce essays on the grim destiny of Sweden if she is not ready to take up arms beside Germany "when her hour strikes." Kjellen is also panicky on the Aland Islands question, but he does not go so far as to clamour for war.

❀

AT present Sweden's most dangerous pro-G. is Professor Gustav Steffen. Steffen has just published a third ponderous volume of his "War and Culture"; and he continues to put the blame on England, the country where he lived for years, and about whose institutions he was once content to be expert and laudator. Steffen is a Socialist, and that makes the puzzle stranger. Perhaps it is explained by the preface to his ponderous book, which says that he has been offered a professorial Chair in Germany. The Socialists will have nothing to do with Steffen, and they have expelled him from their ranks; and Steffen retorts by pestering Foreign Minister Wallenberg to intervene against Russia over Aland.

❀

HOW far Sweden's Cabinet is "pro" or "anti" no man knows, though every man tells. The Cabinet is Moderate; and nearly all Moderates are "pro-German"; but Foreign Minister Wallenberg is not. He belongs to a millionaire family which runs the Enskild Bank; and he "developed" Stockholm's Brighton—Saltsjöbaden; and once represented French banking interests. Experts say that Prime Minister Hammarskjöld is pro-German, which is a puzzle, as Hammarskjöld is chiefly known as an expert on international law. Riksdag Deputy Höglund, who has gone to penal servitude for attacking the army, accused the King and Queen of being pro-German to the point of war; and in fact King Gustav is tied up with the Russian panic agitation; but he is a Frenchman in blood and sentiment, and experts say that Queen Victoria, though born German, is less militant than the Socialists make out.

❀

MOST of Sweden's heavyweight newspapers are pro-German. They seldom express the hope that Germany will win, but lose no opportunity to predict that she will win. In Stockholm the Liberal *Dagens Nyheter* is pro-*Entente*, and the *Social Demokrat* of Riksdag-member-and-party-leader Branting is doubly so. M. Branting holds the record for courage. Pro-*Entente* man as he is, he boldly went to Germany; and when asked by Hamburg Socialists "how best to make peace?" answered, "By your Reichstag Party refusing further war credits."

"Searchlights"

The "Rilette" paintings to the commission of H. Dennis Bradley, visualise the lighter side of a drab war. Reproductions in colour on art paper will be forwarded free to officers in H.M. Forces upon application.

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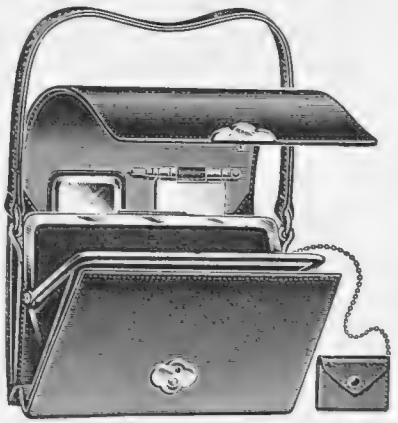

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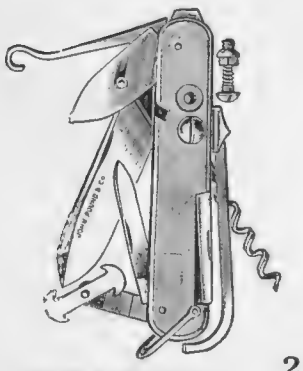

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Are We Losing Our Liberty?

A REVIEW OF A NOTABLE BOOK BY MR. E. S. P. HAYNES

"Some years ago I dined with a prominent social reformer and shared with him a bottle of Burgundy and a pint of port. This gentleman . . . told me that in his opinion no man who earned less than two pounds a week should be allowed to drink any intoxicating liquor. He urged that this restriction would be a valuable incentive to the poor man to work harder. . . . The irony of the situation was that this gentleman did not at the time earn two pounds a week, but lived either on a paternal allowance or on the income of wealth of which, according to his own principles, the community had been robbed."

THIS passage, so it seems to me, is typical of the spirit of Mr. Haynes' quite excellent book on Liberty*. Almost in every page the author satirises the present-day tendency of the rich to restrain the liberty of the poor on any possible pretence. Further, the author is not afraid, as are so many writers on abstract subjects, to employ the *argumentum ad hominem*. Indeed, as in the passage quoted, he often does so with considerable effect. His book is sometimes passionate, sometimes rude, sometimes amusing, but one thing it never is—dull. It bears the impress of the personality of the author stamped deeply upon every page. Indeed, if any criticism were made, it would probably be that the style is not sufficiently pure or the treatment not sufficiently dignified for such an important subject.

Photograph *Caswall Smith*

MR. E. S. P. HAYNES
Author of "The Decline of Liberty in England"

❀ ❀

BUT I feel sure that irreproachable English and unassailable dignity were probably the last things Mr. Haynes bothered about in writing this book. Not his the wish to perpetrate an orthodox and colourless imitation of J. S. Mill's classic. On the contrary, *The Decline of Liberty in England* is on Liberty not only brought up to date, but, so to speak, melodramatised. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.* When Mr. Haynes wants to say something unpleasant about the Fabian Society or Mr. Lloyd George he just says it without troubling to beat about the bush. He never compromises, never allows discretion to run away with valour, as do so many writers nowadays. He is transparently sincere—and, as sincerity is never dull or rarely even stupid, one has the greatest pleasure in reading his opinions, however greatly one may differ from them.

THAT one will differ from some of them is, of course, inevitable. To accept them all one would have to be Mr. Haynes. But, equally, it is certain that everybody will accept one or more of them, wondering how on earth the other man can be so stupid as to be unable to appreciate their obvious truth. Thus A will agree with Mr. Haynes about Divorce, B about the Liberal Party, C about Woman Suffrage, and so on, each one contradicting the other, while Mr. Haynes grins sarcastically at all of them alike. For that is the strength of his position; he is not a Socialist or a Liberal or a Conservative; he is neither blindly anti-clerical nor rabidly pro-suffragist. He is just himself—that is to say an extremely well-educated and intelligent man, with strong likes and dislikes and a real passion for individual liberty, who asks his fellow-citizens to think for themselves rather than just to agree with him.

❀ ❀

HIS book deals with every conceivable aspect of the case from Modern Social and Moral Freedom to the Code of Hammurabi. And this emerges. After all, Liberty is but the right of every individual to have the maximum opportunity to think and do what he likes. That is why the United States, where Liberty merely consists in the right to think and do as hard as possible what other people like, is in some ways the least free of all countries known to me. France, on the contrary, is certainly the country, *par excellence*, of individual liberty, despite the tiresome fussiness of her officials. After all, it is public opinion that in the end makes or mars Liberty more than any amount of officialdom. Even Mr. Haynes, I think, would admit that what he dislikes about officialdom in England most of all is not so much its existence as its insincerity and hypocrisy. We can most of us bear with the frankly aggressive policeman, but the policeman who bullies us on what he claims, and we do not believe he himself really thinks, to be highly moral grounds is odious and intolerable to everybody. There is too much of that spirit in modern England, and Mr. Haynes' book, with its fierce exposure of shams and burning realisation of the value of independence, comes at an opportune moment indeed.

F. T.

* "The Decline of Liberty in England." By E. S. P. Haynes. Grant Richards: 6s. net.)

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Books of the Week

A LIFE AND SOME ESSAYS

Henniker Heaton

If the late Sir John Henniker Heaton had not been one of the most lovable of men he might easily have been one of the worst hated—at any rate by successive Postmasters-General. It is true that he gave these important gentlemen some bad quarters of an hour, but he was invariably forgiven. A really fascinating biography of this man who would never be put off is now forthcoming from the able pen of his daughter, Mrs. Adrian Porter. I would only quarrel with the title she has chosen. *The Life and Letters of Sir John Henniker Heaton, Bart.* (Lane: 10*s.* 6*d.* net) sounds stiff. Those first four words have a British-Museum-Reading-Roomish atmosphere about them. Fortunately, however, this kind of atmosphere is conspicuous by its absence. Mrs. Porter's book runs quite off the lines of the old-time stodginess. Here is the real Henniker Heaton shown in all his various rôles with a multitude of those "little stories" of his which his numerous friends loved so much to hear. A cheerful, gossipy book such as one can imagine H.H. himself would have liked to see written about him.

Photograph *Hoppé*

THE LATE SIR JOHN HENNIKER HEATON, BART.

Whose biography by his daughter, Mrs. Adrian Porter, is reviewed on this page

The Use and Abuse—

and Literary Studies

Professor Stephen Leacock, even when he pretends to be serious, as is the case in *Essays* (Lane: 3*s.* 6*d.* net), is a writer who must on no account be missed. You will know by this time more or less what is to be expected from him. You may even be prepared to believe that he is really a serious Canadian professor with real pupils, and, as if he were doubtful about his professorial reputation, he starts off in this delightful book of his with "The Apology of a Professor." He makes out a fair, but only a fair, case for the Professor's right to exist. You feel that he is struggling hard to find some good reason why a Professor should be allowed by a long-suffering country to profess (instead of amusing the nations with his

(Continued on page 216)

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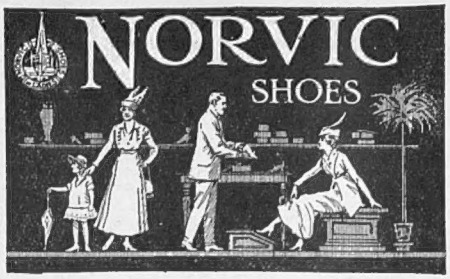

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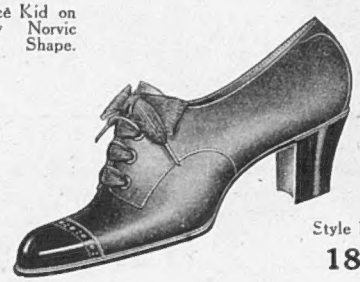

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HOLIDAY PETTICOAT

designed and made in our own workrooms.

USEFUL Petticoat, as sketch, in rich checked taffeta silks, in a variety of beautiful colourings, reliable quality.

In Black and White, Navy and White, Navy and Scarlet, Fawn and Black, and many mixed colourings.

Special Price

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Also in outsizes 3/- extra.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
LIMITED
VERE ST. and OXFORD ST.
LONDON

"Aquascutum"

FIELD & TRENCH COATS

Trench Coat with Seatless Shorts.

Waterproof yet Self-Ventilating.

That they have absolutely no equal has been proved by the countless letters of appreciation received from the Front.

Received July 17th, 1916.

I am writing to ask you if you will send me your price list of Waterproof Coats, together with self-measurement form and some patterns of material.

I have tried no less than four different coats during 12 months here and have not yet found one that will stand anything like two hours' solid rain.

I have been advised by a user of your coats that it is absolutely waterproof so shall look forward to at last keeping dry.

The above letter may be seen by anyone interested.

It is as well to emphasise the importance of having the Aquascutum label in your coat, thereby guaranteeing the satisfaction that no other waterproof can give.

Aquascutum Ltd.

By Appointment to His Majesty the King.
Waterproof Coat Specialists for over 50 years.

100, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

VEN-YUSA

The Oxygen Face Cream

Don't let the sea or hot sun spoil your complexion. Use Ven-Yusa before and after you bathe, and so give your skin a protective "bath" of pure oxygen which will keep it soft and clear. Ven-Yusa beautifies and rejuvenates in a unique way. *1/- per jar.*

TRIAL JARS SENT on receipt of name and address and 3 penny stamps. Address: C. E. FULFORD, Ld., Leeds, and mention *Bystander*. 2/8/16. Full-size Jars, 1/-, Chemists, etc.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK (concluded from page 214)

pen), and you are ready to admit that in some cases even a Professor—outside Germany, of course—*may* have a soul.

—Of Professors

In other essays, Professor Leacock approaches the question of American Humour, on which subject he has certainly earned a right to speak, the eternal Woman Question, the iniquitous lot of the schoolmaster, and that curious genius, O. Henry, whose works are gradually becoming known on this side of the Atlantic. There are people who on principle dislike reading essays, but even they will be seduced by Stephen Leacock's wit and good humour. And if after all he *is* a Professor, instead of a barman or a millionaire or a cinema-actor, he really cannot help it; nor will any sane person object to his continuing to profess, so long as he periodically issues such a good entertainment as *Essays and Literary Subjects*.

Samuel Butler Third

Of a more serious, though no less interesting, nature is Mr. John F. Harris's study of *Samuel Butler, Author of Erewhon* (Grant Richards: 6*s*. net.). It appears rather soon after Mr. Gilbert Cannan's essay, but there is plenty of room for information and criticism of an author who, according to one enthusiast, "made the twentieth century possible." As people are now beginning to realise, there have been three distinguished Samuel Butlers. The first wrote *Hudibras*, and the second was a great headmaster who had the honour of being the grandfather of the third, who was obliged to pay for the publication of his own books. The third Butler wrote the greatest satire and one of the greatest novels of his century; he maintained that the Odyssey was the work of a woman; he quarrelled with Darwin; he painted pictures and wrote music; he prophesied, like Stendhal, posthumous recognition for himself; and now he is going into cheap editions.

With a Bibliography

Mr. Harris approaches his subject with just the right amount of enthusiasm. He is blessed with a good clear style and much critical ability. Each side of Butler's character and activities comes in for detailed notice, and his Study is rendered more valuable by the inclusion of a bibliography of Butler's writings. Mr. Harris plays interpreter to his author with no little skill, and if his book gets into the hands of a man to whom Butler is no more than a name, the author of *Erewhon* will obtain one more posthumous reader. Mr. Harris may be warmly congratulated on his work. R. S.

Owing to an unfortunate mistake which was made in the illustration that accompanied Messrs. Drapkins' advt. on the back cover of our last issue, the "Greys" cigarette was shown very much smaller than actual size. The "Greys" is really one of the biggest, if not *the* biggest cigarette on the market at its price, and is nearly double the size of the illustration that appeared in the advertisement referred to. Although the mistake was an obvious one, we are drawing our readers' attention to it to remove any false impression they might have that Messrs. Drapkin and Co. have reduced the size of their deservedly popular cigarette. The "Greys" are as big—and as good—as ever they were, and, incidentally, really excellent value.

Minimise the Risk

Many of the casualties caused by shrapnel, bayonet, spent bullets and splinters could be prevented by wearing the 'Crossman Body Shield.'

It is made from the same class steel as the helmets which have proved so valuable in saving life. It is constructed to fit the body for the purpose of deflecting rifle and machine gun fire.

The **'CROSSMAN'**

(HUNT'S PATENT)

BODY SHIELD

Adjustable, weight almost imperceptible, no restriction or discomfort to wearer. Covered khaki twill. The top and bottom edges are constructed with a slightly outward curve to prevent bayonet thrusts from glancing off the shield either up or down.

£2.2.0 *Packed Free and Carriage Paid to any address at Home or Abroad.*

TYLER & TYLER, Halford House, Leicester.

Agents can be appointed.

BETWEEN SEASON BLOUSE

OUR own exclusive design. Made by our own workers, in pure crêpe de chine, with new collar and fichu-shaped frill. A particularly attractive garment. In black, white and colours.

Special Price

18/9

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

LIMITED

VERE ST. and OXFORD ST. LONDON

and at

SCARBOROUGH LEEDS YORK HARROGATE

THE THRESHER

For Comfort, Security and Service at any period of the year rely on a Thresher and make sure it bears the label Thresher & Glenny

The original Trench Coat designed by Charles Glenny in October, 1914, was brought to the notice of all Officers commanding Corps by the War Office the first winter of the War. It fills the functions of a Great Coat, British Warm, and Raincoat, and the measure of its success may be gauged by the quantity of imitations. Over 8,200 genuine Threshers worn by British Officers.

Trench Coat with detachable "Kamelcott" lining.

£5 10 0

Trench Coat, unlined,

£4 14 6

Mounted pattern, **15/6** extra

Send size of chest and approximate height when ordering. All sizes in stock

THRESHER & GLENNY

152 & 153, Strand, LONDON, W.C.

Military Tailors and Outfitters.

Droitwich

BRINE CRYSTALS

The Tortures of Rheumatism

Gout or Sciatica are instantly relieved when you step into a hot bath in which Droitwich Brine Crystals have been dissolved.

These "Crystals" are prepared from the *original* Springs—Nature's antidote—the *only* antidote — for that excessive Uric Acid—the cause of Rheumatism, Gout and Sciatica.

No need to visit expensive Spas while instant relief is to be found in the use of these "Crystals"—and think of the *economy*, too!

Delivered free at any station in Britain.

Weston & Westall, Ltd.
(Dept. 20 g),
16, Eastcheap, London, E.C.

2/6 *for* **28** *lbs*

D. H. Evans & Co LTD

THE ADAPTABLE

Velour Hat

For immediate and Autumn wear. These sketches illustrate various ways it may be worn.

MADE EXPRESSLY FOR US IN BLACK,

also White, Oyster, Putty, Biscuit, Pink, Sky, Mauve, Vieux Rose, Amethyst, Wine, Violet, Purple, Nigger, Saxe, Brown, Tabac, Mole, Fuchsia, Grey, Nattier, Cerise, Myrtle, Emerald and Navy. Trimmed Ribbon to match, also Black trimmed White, and various Contrasting Colours.

PRICE **18/11** *Carriage paid United Kingdom.*

290 TO 322

Oxford St., London, W.

"THE GRAPHIC"

JIG-SAW PUZZLES

THE IDEAL RECREATION FOR THE WOUNDED

New Revised Catalogue just published.

Write at once for a copy.

Best value on the market.

See our offer of a Free Gift to the Wounded and Hospitals.

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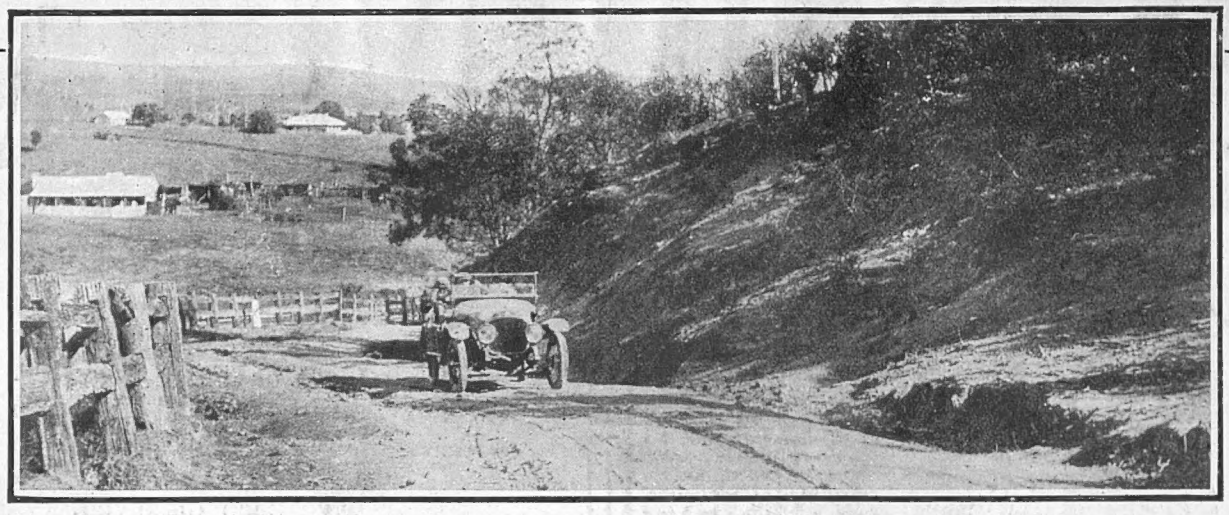

OVER THE RAZORBACK

The Razorback being one of the New South Wales mountains, with a rough surface and a gradient here and there of 1 in 6½, taken in his stride by Mr. Boyd Edkins when beating the Melbourne-Sydney record on his 16-20 h.p. Vauxhall

Motoring and the Oilers

By ALEX. J. M. GRAY

Winning the War

THE Aquitania case seemed about the worst we could do until we came to the Oilers; and then we discovered that the Aquitania was quite a good investment by comparison. After all, we got something for our £280,000; but we got very much worse than nothing for our £800,000 out of the Oilers. It cost that to "convert" ten useful oil-tank steamers into ten useless transports, which are now being reconverted again. It was admittedly an experiment which could have been justified in the case of one "tankie;" but no stretch of charity can cover the enormous offence of those other nine.

***

Experiment Run Mad

TEN vessels urgently needed to convey spirit indispensable to the Army and Navy, to the efficiency of the commerce of the country upon which the armed forces are absolutely dependent, are put out of commission at an immediate cost of three-quarters of a million and an ultimate cost impossible to estimate We run short of petrol, so short that, at the present time, we are being told, quite frankly, that we shall have to go without, so far as anything up to 60 per cent. of our requirements are concerned. All the agitation in connection with the new petrol taxes, to secure an additional revenue of just about the same amount as some official person, who did not know his job, has slung away on an experiment indefensible as to 90 per cent. of it. All the cost of the petrol census; all the cost to the trader and merchant of petrol now bereft—and the only excuse a costly Minister can make is that "war is waste." It is, indeed, if it means that we must continue to maintain incompetence at prices such as this. We shall win the war; but, by gad! it will not be due to the virtue of those with sufficient impudence to stand for this sort of thing.

***

Tyre Sizes

THE Goodrich Company are making a hit with their full-size tyre propaganda. Just how it came about that actual tyre measurements differed from the tyre size descriptions, need not concern us at the moment. That, generally, millimetre tyres *did* differ is not disputed. You were getting a smaller cover than the label called for. You were also doubtless getting it at a lower price, so that, other things being equal, you were at no loss. This was not a matter of deception at all, but a matter of custom. Everybody did it; and as everybody was in competition with every other body for the market, the price of the goods came down proportionate to the saving effected by producing a smaller tyre. What the Goodrich people are doing is to manufacture a full-size tyre, one that does measure exactly its labelled or branded dimensions. Which would not interest the motorist a little bit if the price went up with the size; because the motorist was getting a tyre that fitted his rims anyway, and was not greatly concerned if the trade custom was to use a foot rule which was only 11¾ inches long. Where the Goodrich people "get away with it" (to use a Miltonian phrase) is in the fact that they give the undoubted motoring advantage of larger tyre dimensions without increasing the cost to the consumer. Any person, body, or corporation which makes one pound of motoring service grow where only 15 ounces were before, is a motoring benefactor. Wherefore, all hail the B. F. Goodrich Company. And then some—as Chaucer might say.

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Motor Volunteers

ANYBODY left in the country with any leisure, a car, money to run it, and able to get enough petrol for the purpose? If so, the Earl of Warwick is calling for volunteers to form an Essex Motor Corps to assist the military in emergencies. All information from Lieut.-Colonel J. Colvin, 57, Duke Street, Chelmsford.

***

Another Recruit

ACTING GENERAL MANAGER A. D. SPIERS JUN., late of the Warland Dual Rim, takes a commission in the R.F.C. A strong personality, a very considerable factor in the success of his late firm, one who has most completely managed to evade publicity in the past, Mr. Spiers is here forced into a little limelight that his hosts of trade and private friends may become aware of his new status and send him along the wishes which we all share for a success in the service as great as his unquestionable success in organising and directing the output and sales of the Warland Dual Rim Company.

***

A Picture Book

ONLY in my department because a motorist is the author, I commend to those who would like some of the very best pictures of the Irish insurrection, to get (price sevenpence) a booklet full of such by T. W. Murphy. For interest and historical record this is *the* little book. Any bookseller, or *Motor News*, Dublin. Send an extra penny for postage

ACCUMULATORS.—If you see the signature C.A.V. stamped on an accumulator, you know it is the best, and one that will not let you down. Very rigidly constructed—no buckled plates.—C. A. VANDERVELL & Co., Ltd., Acton, London, W.

The most severe test for a carburetter is on an aeroplane under war conditions. CLAUDEL HOBSON CARBURETTERS are undergoing this test with credit.—H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.

Tyre change is the only serious difficulty of the lady driver. WARLAND DUAL RIMS remove it. No tyre levers.—WARLAND DUAL RIM CO., Ltd., Aston, Birmingham; 111, Great Portland Street, London.